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Tom-Tell-Truth's

LETTER

TO A

DISSENTER,

In VINDICATION of the

L—s againſt the *Tackers*.

SIR,

OCcaſional Preface, and Courtly Addreſs are none of my Talents, and therefore without all ſuch formal Ceremony, to your very modiſh and ſeaſonable Enquiries, I thus bluntly Anſwer.

I. As to the 134, who are now Diſtinguiſh'd, (and ſome ſay Dignified) with the Name and Title of *Tackers*, you ſoftly ask, Whether *The Black Liſt* of them may now be diſpers'd without all Danger of an After-reckoning.

A Yes

Yes, Certainly it may, 'Twas a lucky Contrivance of the laſt Age, for when a *Bill of Attainder* againſt the *Earl of Strafford* was put to the Queſtion, there were about Fifty Three Negative Voices. And what follow'd? Why truly, The Good Gentlemen were all branded and blacken'd with the Infamous Term of *Straffordians*; and *a Black Liſt* of them was carefully publiſh'd, and poſted at the *Exchange*, and all *Publick Places*; and the *Straffordians* were then all *French* and *Bavarians* (*Jacobites* I ſhou'd ſay) *Carolites*, *Turks*, *Panders to the Whore of Babylon*, and what not. And you can never make a *Tacker* ſound worſe, or more terrible to all *Godly* Ears, than a *Straffordian* then ſounded.

And thus, to make *Black Liſts*, and to give Odious Names to all the beſt *Friends* and *Patriots* of the *Church*, was a *Pious Fraud* Sanctify'd and Legitimated by the *Good Old Cauſe*, in the Days of *Yore*. And can you deſire to have a better *Preſident*?

You know the *Fable* on this ſide the *Moon*, when the *Wolves* and the *Sheep* came to a *Treaty*; The firſt Article propos'd by the *Wolves* was this, that the *Sheep* ſhou'd give up the *Maſtives* that guarded them.

This Prity *Apologue* was Moraliz'd by the *Crolians* about Threeſcore Years ago to a Tittle. And the *Moral* of it is ſtill the ſame. To break in upon the *Church*, Her *Tutelar Friends* and *Patriots* muſt be firſt run down, and by all Ways and Means, by *Black Liſts* and *Lies*, *Voted* out of *the Houſe of her Guardianſhip*.

And this is plainer Language than that of the *Gallunarian Penſioner*, *The Man in the Moon*. In whoſe dark Speech, the Mounting Engine, on which he was exalted to that *Lunar* World, is call'd a Conſolidator, which in honeſt plain *Engliſh* is a *Pillory*. And he promiſes to take a Second Flight to the *dark ſide* of the *Moon*, as ſoon as another *Conſolidator* can be got ready for him; he means the *other Exalting Engine*, which *A True-Born Engliſh-Man* calls *the Gallows*; and ſo Good Night to him: Let him take his *Swing* ('Tis *the ſhorteſt Way* to the *Moon*,) upon that *other Conſolidator*.

II. You diſcover your ſelf to be in a doubting and deſponding Mood, as if *our Cauſe* was not ſo ripe, or in ſo great a Forwardneſs as is whiſper'd among Friends. And the Occaſion of your Doubt you ſay is this, Becauſe ſo many *B*—— have ſo con-

confidently pronounc'd the *Church* in no danger, for if the *Church* be in no danger, then certainly *Our Cauſe* is at a ſtand, and muſt ſtill be content with a Poor *Toleration* only.

Never fear, Man: The *B*—— are not infallible, and Time was, when the *Church* was once overthrown, before ſuch blind *B*—— would ſee any danger. *I doubt it appears, ſays Archbiſhop* Laud, *that all is overthrown by the Remiſneſs of ſome B——, who wou'd never believe any Danger cou'd come from the Godly.* (Hiſt. of his Tryal, *&c.* p. 387.)

And if the *B*—— will be ſuch Inf—ls, 'tis no Harm to us. Nor are we bound to believe them ſo innocent as they think the *Godly*; but yet we'll accept of their Good-Will for this time, and embrace their Intereſts againſt the *Tackers* in the *enſuing Elections.*

And I can tell of a *B*—— in a *Certain Solunarian Iſland*, as the *Moon-Man* ſpeaks; who has cry'd a Sale of his Preferments for *V*—. I do not ſpeak without Book, for I have ſeen his Letter to his Cl——Favourites, which enjoyns them to V— againſt an honeſt *Tacker, as they hope or expect to be preferr'd by him.* They muſt have no Preferment from him but *directly* or *indirectly* upon Terms; Yes, and upon a very valuable Conſideration too, They muſt part with what is better worth than Mony, their Liberty, their *Freedom of Electors.* They muſt remain Maſters of no more *V*— than an *Alesbury Tinker* has. They muſt give up their *V*—, not to be diſpos'd of as *their own*, but *their honeſt Chapman D*———*s.* I have heard of a *Smock-Simony*, but pray what's *This*? Well, but it was ſaid of the Emperor *Severus*, that he was *Vir ſui nominis.* And is it not as lawful for another Man to be ſo?

And now, What think you? Is the *Church* in no Danger? Or is not *our Cauſe* in a pretty hopeful Way, when *V*— againſt the beſt *Church-men* ſhall be *purchas'd* with the *Church's Pa*——*ny.*

'Tis a Common Caſe amongſt thoſe Good *B*——, who have retriev'd their Reputation from the Scandal of that baſe Report, which was once publiſh'd for *News, viz.* that *they were come over to the Church of* England.

This puts me in mind of a very honeſt Gentleman, who Dy'd under the Hands of no very eminent Phyſitian, and when a mournful Relation of his was ask'd by a Friend what Diſeaſe the

Good Gentleman dyed of, he very haſtily and ſmartly Reply'd, that he died of the *Doctor*. And ſo if the *Church of England* dies of her *D*——*s*, I dare promiſe for my ſelf and you, that we will be none of the Mourners that ſhall attend her *Funerals*.

III. You ſay that your Tongue is upon all Occaſions, wagging with the mighty Dangers that we have eſcap'd, and that whereſoever you come, you make a ſad and hideous Noiſe, with all the fearful Ruins and Deſtructions, *French* and *Spaniſh* that muſt have befall'n us, had the late *Tack* ſucceeded: And yet you ſadly Confeſs, that your Conſcience all the while gives your Tongue the Lie, and that you cannot really ſee the Cauſe that any ſuch fatal Effects ſhould come from.

For, as you well and nicely diſtinguiſh, whatſoever the Danger was, it was either in the *Occaſional Bill* or in the *Tack*. But you ſay that you can ſee no Danger in the *Occaſional Bill* as now 'tis Printed, for 'tis in a manner juſt as the *L*——*s* themſelves had made it about Two Years ago, and you ſay too, that 'tis according to the very Hearts-Wiſh of all the *Conſciencious Diſſenters*, and that you have not yet heard it read by any, but at the Concluſion the Queſtion was ask'd, *What, and is this all?*

Certainly had the *Money Bill* been loſt for ſuch a poor Story as this, all the ſhame and the blame too, would have fallen upon their Heads that loſt it; and how bad ſoever the Conſequences might have been, all the Wiſe and Impartial World would have ſet the Saddle upon the Horſe that kick'd.

Well! But if the Dangers be not in the *Bill* thus ſingly, and in it ſelf conſidered: Why! Where lies the Secret then? What ſay you, is it in the *Tack* that all theſe terrible Dangers are to be found and felt?

Yes Man, yes, Thou art now in the right, 'tis the *Tack*, the dangerous *Tack* that made us, and that will never more be endured with patience upon a *Wool-Sack*. The burnt Child dreads the Fire, and what that means, the Two following Hiſtories will ſufficiently inform you.

You have heard of the *Iriſh Forfeitures*, and what large *Grants* were made of them to ſome Noble Perſons in a late *Glorious Reign*; which the *Co*——*s* afterwards diſcovering, and how much theſe *Exorbitant Grants* were worth, and how many Hundred Thouſand Pounds might be ſaved in the Pockets of her *Majeſties* good

good Subjects, by applying those Forfeitures to a publick use, they pass'd a *Bill* for that purpose call'd a *Bill of Resumption*.

Tho' 'tis true indeed, when that Bill was sent up to the *other House*, it was so very hot for their Fingers, that they could not handle or hold it long there before they wisely drop't it: And so some Noble Persons then *narrowly escap'd* that Danger, and still kept Possession, and held fast their *Grants* for that time, as they and their Heirs might have done to this Day and for ever, had it not been for a confounded *Tack* that came after.

For in the next *Session*, the surly Co——s fell a bauling again for the *Irish Forfeitures*, and nothing would stop their Mouths but another *Bill of Resumption*; and then to make it's way thro' the H—— of L——, they had this curst Contrivance, they *Tack'd* it to a *Money Bill*, and so they carried it.

And now, tho' they may laugh that win, as all the Co——s *of E——nd* then did, for they saved a Tax of many Hundred Thousand Pounds by it; yet the Noble Persons who were then the Loosers, and from whom such ample *Grants*, and fair Possessions were *resum'd*, and seiz'd by that plaguy *Tack*, you cannot surely blame *them*, if for the sake of *that*, and to prevent the like for the future, they now damn *Tacking*.

Two of our *Politick Crolians* speaking of a certain *Tucker* in *the World in the Moon*, He's a very good Man, said One of them, for I am beholden to him; He's a sad Rogue, said the other, for I am not beholden to him.

And This is the very Case of a *Tack*, between the *Antitacking Gr——es*, and the *Tacking Co——ns*; 'tis a very good Privilege, say the *Tacking Co——s*, for we have got and sav'd by it; 'tis a damn'd Trick, says the *Antitacking Gr——es* for we have sufficiently lost by it. But

Secondly, I need not tell you what Millions of Millions of Money have been raised in *England*, nor will I Name the great and honourable Persons, thro' whose Hands the vast Sums have past; but this I say, That when the *Co——s* who give our Money, thought it but just and reasonable that we should have some Account of it, and past a *Bill* to that End, and sent it to the L——; yet *then* and *there*, that Bill was to some so very Self-denying, and fell so hard and heavy upon them, that they could not easily bear it, and therefore it was let fall and lost, I'll neither say how nor wherefore.

But

But I have heard what a merry Lady then said to a L——, *viz.* That She had freely and chearfully *paid* a great many Pounds in Taxes, and had very oft and heartily *pray'd* for their L——— into the Bargain? But now said She, since you have past the Sentence of Condemnation upon the *Account-Bill*, and have damn'd them for a pack of insolent Ras—— that durst make the Enquiry: *What's become of our Money?* Are not such *unaccountable* Proceedings a great Temptation to us, to let the Gr———*es* of the Moon *pay* and *pray* for themselves, which are Two Things pretty equally agreeable to their Constitutions? Nay but our *High-Church Religion* obliges us still to *pay* and *pray* on, and upon this Occasion we'll Petition *my L——— the B———* to enlarge our *Litany*, that it would please God to endue *some* with *Common Honesty*, and *Justice*, together with *Grace*, *Wisdom and Understanding*.

But to proceed in my History, tho' the *Account Bill* had been once lost, as is aforesaid, yet the Sturdy Co———*s* would not be fobb'd off so, but in another *Session* they fell a calling very loudly for *Accounts* again, and would not be silenced till another *Bill* for that Purpose was brought into the *House* and *passed*. And then to recommend it to their L——— better liking at that time, they had recourse to their old Divilish Stratagem, that is, They *tack'd* it to a *Money-Bill*; and by that Hellish invention they obtained their Bill, to bring some Persons to *Account*, who will never thank them for't.

And are not these sad Things for *Tacks*! *Account-Bills*, and *Resumption-Bills*, and all for the Publick Good too, to save the Peoples Purses. What Losing, or what *Accounting*——— can have any Patience with such *Tacking*.

And now, That you may still go on, and make a noise with Dangers, Ten Thousand fearful Dangers, and yet fear none your self; I will hear Conclude, that if neither the *Tack* of a *Resumption Bill*, nor the *Tack* of an *Account-Bill* could sink a *Money-Bill*; you may rest assured that the *Tack* of a poor *Occasional-Bill* will never sink one.

I hope you understand me, and believe me to be,

SIR,
Yours Occasionally

Tom-Tell-Truth.

The TREATY between the *Sheep* and the *Wolves*, in the Language of the *Lunar World*.

Sheep. *THro' the Wild Woods and Forrests you devour,*
There all's your own to th' Hedge, what wou'd you more?

Wolves. *We wou'd the Hedge it ſelf break down, that now*
We might have Places *in the* Fold *with you.*

Sheep. *Can you be tame?* ———————

Wolves. ——————— *Be you but* Moderate.
You may truſt us, we know not how to hate.
Go, ask your Shepherds, *and be rul'd by them,*
Old P——, *huge* S——, *and the other* Ten.
They'l tell you more in Praiſe of us, than we
Can well ſay for our ſelves in Modeſty.

Sheep. *Oh! but you once our* Royal Lion *ſlew,*
The brave Defender *of our* Fold. *And you*
Our Guardian Maſtives *hang'd, or ſhot; And then*
You did our Flock devour: And ſo you wou'd agen.

Wolves. *Your* Seers *ſee no Dangers, you ſo dread,*
And yet, than you, they'r higher by the head,
And muſt ſee farther, as they wiſely plead.

Sheep. *But we have* Seers *full as high as they,*
Who ſee and ken you to be Beaſts of Prey,
And us to you they never will betray.
Our Royal Lioneſs *lately from the Throne*
Was heard to ſay too. Oh! you'l be undone.
There's dreadful hazard in't, you will repent,
If you again make the Experiment.

Wolves.

Wolves. *Your* Lioness, *Your Faithful* Shepherds *too*
Lon——, Ebo——, *and the Rest we fear not now,*
We've more for us, who more than they can do.
Chain but your Mastives *up, and you shall know*
What Moderation, Wolves *to* Sheep *can show.*

Sheep. *Our Trusty* Mastives *which do guard our* Fold,
Shall wear no Chains, Good Pan *forbid they should,*
If they're restrain'd, Our Liberty is sold,
Our Fold, *Our* Pastures, Fleeces, Lives, *and more*
Are lost or sav'd with these One Hundred Thirty Four.

FINIS.

Advertisement.

A Letter from a Dissenter in the City, to his Country-Friend, wherein Moderation and Occasional Conformity are Vindicated, the Plot of the Occasional-Bill-Men against Toleration discover'd; and all the Treasonable Designs of the *Tackers* are Expos'd to Common View. The Second Edition. Sold by *John Nutt* near *Stationer's-Hall.* 1705.